

the many graces, which the Spirit gives, and which adorn the new man,

Love is the brightest of the train,

And perfects all the rest.

It "suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

Are we not all, too, suffering from the same malady, the same deadly disease of Sin? Have we not been all stricken by the same cruel enemy, so that "from the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in us, nothing but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores?" What need, then, that we should sympathise with each other in our distress, and that instead of looking coldly on our brethren and passing by on the other side, we should seek to bind up each other's wounds, pouring in the oil of comfort, and the wine of consolation, and speaking a word in season to such as are weary. Or once more, have we not one common remedy provided for us, one fountain in which we must wash, one balm by which our sores must be healed, one Physician to whom we must apply, and without whose aid all our pantings after spiritual health and strength after holiness of heart and life are as nothing worth? What need, then, that we be found kneeling at the same Throne of Grace, pleading the same precious promises, relying on the same finished work, and receiving out of the same infinite fulness that is in Christ. And what but a forgetfulness of these simple yet all-important truths, has tended more than ought else besides, to alienate those who ought to be one in heart, and range in contending factions those who ought to have been banded together as one phalanx? What but this has given to party spirit all its bitterness, and to mutual invective and recrimination all their venom? Had Christians been more mindful of the corruption of their own nature and the sinful propensities of their own hearts, they would have been more anxious concerning "the beam in their own eye, than the mote that was in their brother's eye;" and had they walked more closely in the steps of Christ, and by frequent communion with Him, imbibed more of His loving and tender Spirit, they would more readily have seen the blessedness of His precepts; "but I say unto you, love enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." And if a sense of our own unworthiness might well lead us to "follow peace with all